

ACADEMY MUSICIANS SCORE BIG HIT

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The well-known prestige of the Fourth Acs is gone forever. A Sophomore has won the annual Short Story Contest! When the bombshell—the outcome—burst into seven pieces among the contestants, and Milton Weimer was found triumphantly holding the greatest portion by merit of his superb story, *The Lost of the Cailiffs*, it was a great upset and one which redounds great credit to our new Master Story-Writer of 1929. The merit of Weimer's tale was in the delicate imagery of the descriptions of the East—one is tempted to believe that the young writer prepared himself as Tom Moore did for the writing of *Lala Rookh*: through years of reading Oriental literature.

The holder of the second largest piece of the bombshell was Kermit Fulberg, with his story, *The Innocent*. This work is rich in human appeal, depicting the sad character of a half-witted dwarf so well that the tragedy is seen, rather than the comic side of such an unfortunate. John O'Rourke, a First Ac, astounded all concerned by capturing third prize with *Fighting the Iron Cross*, and he really deserves a part of the bombshell for his is a war story of the first order. Airplanes, too!

There were some excellent stories also, among the honorable mentions, of which there were only four. Frank Hardie produced *Cadaver*, a medical story; *Incident* was a very novel day-coach yarn by Richard Kolek; Edward Wehlage wrote a fantastic story called *An Opiate Dreams*, and Donald Fischer, second prize winner last year, came back with another.

The stories this year were all of exceptional worth, and a precedent has been established in that every class was represented among the winners.

RETREAT

Columbia's annual retreat, according to tradition, was held during the latter part of Holy Week. It began Wednesday evening and was concluded after Mass on Easter Sunday morning.

Retreat is a time for thought and meditation and gives a good opportunity to take a "spiritual inventory." It enables one to determine his losses and gains, and to study himself for the purpose of finding the causes of his present life standing. This year's retreat compared favorably with those of the past and for that reason should prove meritorious for those who made it.

Father Motherwell, S.J., of St. Louis, was the retreat master at Loras Hall, while Father Conroy, S.J., of Loyola University, conducted the retreat at St. Joseph Hall.



COACH CRETZMEYER

ACADEMY CONCERT HUGE SUCCESS

Last Wednesday evening, the musical talent of Columbia Academy gave its first public exhibition in a joint concert, which was held in the auditorium under the direction of Father Kelly and Professor Schroeder.

Father Kelly offered to the public for approval, one of the Academy's youngest musical organizations, the choir. Without a doubt this approval was received by the choirsters for they held the favor of the large audience from the start to the finish of the program. The work of the boys and of their director was truly manifested in their most pleasing renditions of many choral selections, all of which were offered in four voice vocal arrangements.

Besides the group singing, a most favorable vocal solo was rendered by one of the choir's foremost tenors, in the person of Joseph Kleiner. Mr. Kleiner sang Goodwin's "Wonderful Mother of Mine," and in it, he displayed real vocal talent.

Conjointly with the choir, Mr. Schroeder presented his Academy Orchestra, which organization also received most justified applause. Among other selections the orchestra played Popy's "Concert Waltz" and Orth's descriptive fantasia "In a Clock Store," both numbers calling forth real musical genius, on the part of the players.

Instrumental solos were also offered by Henry Gonner, on the violin and Louis Runde, on the clarinet. Both soloists exhibited exceptional ability in playing their instruments.

Before the program, Father Rus-
(Continued on page 4, col. 4)

HISTORY CLUB TO MEET—OPENS ANNUAL CONTEST

The American History Club meets tonight at 7:30 in the auditorium. This gathering will proceed as usual, the program calls for a topic of discussion and entertainment after the current business has been transacted. Dues will be paid before the meeting, and orders will be taken for emblems if any desire to purchase them.

The Museum Contest has been opened. The Club invites every student to enter it. Entry is effected by making your intention known to the Secretary of the Museum at any time when the Museum is open, or to Father Kessler. All articles of historical, and unique interest are desirable as material for entry. They may be secured from your families, and friends, or wherever you can get them, but ENTER, for the prizes are always worthwhile.

ACADEMY HONOR ROLL

Period ending March 9, 1929

FOURTH YEAR			FIRST YEAR		
1. Evans, John	97		1. Corpstein, John	95.6	
2. Willging, Herbert	96		2. Kisting, Herbert	94.6	
3. Kerper, Angelo	93.6		3. Most, William	94.4	
4. Baldus, Lawrence	92.1		4. Kerper, John	94.2	
5. Cullen, Arnold	91		5. Schuckert, Anthony	93.8	
6. Kearns, James	90.8		6. Ernsdorf, Robert	93.6	
THIRD YEAR			7. Lacke, Joseph	93.4	
1. Wehlage, Edward	94		8. Vogel, Earl	92.6	
2. Swartzell, Robert	92.4		9. Brodeur, Norbert	92	
3. Schwinn, Philip	92.2		10. McMahon, Robert	91.8	
4. Doran, Melvin	91.8		11. Ryan, Harry	91	
5. Petry, Melvin	91.6		12. Hauer, Urban	90.8	
6. Benak, Joseph	91.2		13. Grace, Joseph	90.6	
7. Kleiner, Joseph	90.8		14. Zwack, John	90.4	
8. Ludescher, William	90.3		15. Sullivan, Daniel	90.2	
9. McMahon, Clarence	90.1		16. Weitz, Carl		
10. Vaske, Hugo	90				
SECOND YEAR					
1. Kueper, Arnold	94.2				
2. Gloeckner, George	93.4				
3. Becker, George	92.4				
4. Rosecrans, Harry	92.3				

THE CEE-AY



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EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

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EDITORIAL

A REPROACH

We are strongly of the opinion that medical science does not know what it is about, and we therefore do not hesitate to take it to task. In the first place, there is the ironic delusion that it has decreased the death rate. True, during the last generation the number of deaths from typhoid, diphtheria, flu, pneumonia, and tuberculosis have been wonderfully lessened, but (and they seem to forget this) the increase in cancer, diabetes, and heart disease has more than overbalanced the credit side. But it is in the lesser diseases that this self-complacency is especially manifest. Take for example, mumps. Now everybody knows what it is; a pain in the ear, a cherubic swelling of the cheek, and a tightening of the jaws, but why should it be? And what has been done to prevent it? Nothing; it takes no lives. The point is, that science could take steps to eliminate mumps and its fellow-contagious diseases, but does not. It is because of this that we say science is remiss in justifying itself, and that is why we, in the name of Columbia Academy, where those who have not been afflicted with this blight either have it now or will get it soon, beseech the medical world to get busy, since they have botched the curing of deadly diseases, on the minor ones, that the hearts of school-children may no longer be broken by the necessity of remaining home.

—J. D. E., '29.

ATTITUDE

Success or failure in life depends to a great degree upon our attitude. Love for a task makes that certain task less difficult; while we seldom ever successfully perform a job that we hate. Haven't you noticed how easy it is to lend a helping hand to a dear friend? Then suppose that someone who wasn't quite so dear asked for the same help, that would be quite a different story and our aid might be given hesitatingly (if at all).

So it is with our duties. If we can cultivate a love and liking for them we will find that little or no effort is required to execute them in a befitting and satisfactory manner. We like to argue with ourselves and sometimes even go so far as to "pull the wool" over our own eyes. Why, then, when tempted to do our work in a slovenly way, do we not use persuasive arguments against the temptation? If we have the proper attitude these arguments will spontaneously suggest themselves and overwhelm the opposition, thereby winning the victory. Try to love your work, and your work will be easy.

P. O'N., '29.

ATTENTION, PARENTS!

A drive is being staged this week and next for the missions and for the Academy library. To make this a success your co-operation with our collectors is needed. They may call at your home in the near future, requesting books suitable for high school library, or old books that might be sold for the missions. If you have neither we would be pleased

to receive any donations which you might make toward the library in the way of money. This will be spent to increase the number of books in the library. In the event no collector calls at your home, you might phone 691 (The Academy) or 4514-W and arrangements will be made to get your gifts.

Further details will be found in another part of this issue.

PRIZE WINNING STORY

By Milton Weimer

THE LAST OF THE CALIPHS

"Awake, for morning in the bowl of night

Has cast the stone that sent the stars to flight."

—Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Morning in old Spain! The nacinda of the good Senorita Callabella greeted the Aurora with the opening of morning-glories and the nodding of wild roses. The first flush of dawn touched the old ivy-covered belltower and painted it with gold. The silver toned angelus mingled with the exhalations of crystal dewdrops and floated to the heavens.

My year-long siesta in the land of dark-eyed senoritas and castanets was drawing to a close. I was residing at the hacienda of the del Velasquez' who were then at Madrid and had left their home under the charge of the good-natured and slightly obese dark-haired Callabella. It was some fifty miles south of Seville in a region fraught with tales of the Moorish conquests.

The Spanish hated the Saracens with a hatred not unmixed with fear. Always, these patient lovable people dreaded the fresh advent of the horde from the south. The arabesque, yet stately Alhambra still remained as a monument to the followers of the Prophet.

As I stood talking with the Senorita, I suddenly picked up my ears. "Si, senor," she gesticulated, "those heathen dogs built a palace not twenty miles from here. In the swamp," she added significantly as if it were a fit home for them.

"The devil himself could not brook them and he built that reeking bog around it."

This was romance, par excellence. "Have you ever been there?" I inquired.

"Of course not, the Moors built it, Senor," said she evidently amazed at my ignorance.

Quite properly excited, I strode out to find Pedro, the del Velasquez' valet and suitor to the hand of the fair Callabella. When I mentioned the fact to him and asked if he would guide me there he devoutly crossed himself and said:

"Not for t'ree, four, fiv' piseta senor," and he folded his arms complacently.

"Twenty pisetas," said I, nonchalantly jingling a handful of coins before him. Astonished by such unheard altruism he reluctantly acquiesced.

An hour later a lazy puff of cloud was drifting in the boundless blue canopy overhead and the yet sanguine sun was battling with the cerulean of the west for mastery in the aesthetic scheme of the heavens. A winding estuary of the Tagus flowed through and about the slightly rolling hills to disappear in the hazy purple of the distance.

The river, I learned, flowed directly through the heart of the swamp to emerge some twenty miles below. I stepped from the shore into Pedro's flat-bottomed skiff and he sent the tiny craft into the channel of the stream in a single stroke. The lazy current laved the aged sides and bore us gently through the heaths and meadows.

Scarce two miles had elapsed ere

I had fallen asleep. I awoke with a start and found myself gazing upwards at an avenue of oaks.

Pedro had dropped his oars and was staring off into the leafy foliage on either side. "Moors, senor," he gasped.

"Nonsense," I retorted, merely a shadow, a trick of the imagination. "Nevertheless I sat up stiff as a ramrod and took inventory of my surroundings.

The stream was scarcely rippled. Two rows of stately oaks lined the banks and met overhead in a lofty arch. All was shrouded in twilight. Great festoons of Spanish moss draped the hugh limbs and trailed in the almost black yet crystal clear water. Orchids flamed in the leaves, luxuriant ferns were choked by vines which appeared to be the fantastic yet gruesome death strangle of giant pythons.

This was no swamp, it was a wild welter of color clad in a somber shadow. Colossal cypresses spread their enormous roots like gigantic snakes beneath and above the obsidian like water.

Nothing stirred, no movement of watersnake nor watermoccasin rippled the glass like mirror. It was as if all that throbbing life, flower and tree were hacked from granite.

Pedro, however, was gazing upstream. Suggestive shadows played upon the living walls and hung upon boughs of gnarled cypress. The sun without sank behind the hills, drenching for a moment the whole in blood; purple fires lit for an instant every recess in an ethereal glow, then darkness flamed upon all.

Shadows stood where oaks had grown, the vaulted ceiling was lost in darkness. Then, a scarlet fire clung to every leaf, turned green as we watched horrified, and finally a dazzling white. Phosphorescent, it clung to our very bodies and wreathed us in a halo of unholy light. The stream was alive with fire. Darting insects swirled the prismatic colors.

I well understood that it was an elctro-biological phenomenon, common at times, yet it was, in our present environment, terrifying.

In a moment the unearthly aura ceased and we fastened the boat to the time-hardened root of a cypress and spent a sleepless night.

With the dawn Pedro's spirit drooped and he would go no further. Pleas, threats, exhortations were of no avail but determined to see the end of my adventure I stepped from the boat to the bank.

I meandered near the stream for the better part of the day, finishing the remnants of my lunch at noon. Immediately when darkness fell, I experienced a repetition of the phenomenon, but, as I was expecting its recurrence, the terror born of surprise, did not ensue. When it ceased the darkness fell in with even greater intensity. I stumbled ahead and literally fell into a clearing.

Instinctively I shrunk back against a tree and dumbfounded, drank in a scene of apparently ephemereal beauty. My mind suffered a momentary paralysis before I began to comprehend the scene.

Before me lay in Oriental splendor, a mosque that put the Taj Mahal to shame. A great knurled black dome, of such perfect proportions

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

VICTORIOUS GUBS RECEIVE OVATION

COLUMBIA ACADEMY'S THOROUGHBREDS WILL SEEK TRACK LAURELS

While young men's thoughts are, with the advent of spring, turning toward love; the athletes who seek the coveted monograms of Columbia Academy via the track and field route are entering upon a brisk schedule of training.

Father Patnode has effectively pulled wires of influence; so diligently in fact, that he has arranged a meet for practically every week in May. To imitate the season of spiked shoes; discus heaving, shot-putting, etc., our aces after training under April suns and showers will engage the boys from Platteville High and Galena High in a triangular tourney on May 4. Previous engagements with the neighbors from Wisconsin and Illinois have resulted favorably and the Gubs took forward to stiff opposition from these quarters especially as regards the weight events.

Then a week later Maquoketa Junior College is encountered. The track strength of this institution has yet to be ascertained, but the Purple and Gold warriors can be relied upon to give their best. This same dual meet on May 11, will mark a new feature in Academy athletics, namely a telegraphic meet with Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee. The time and distance and heights attained at these track meets, one at Lebanon and the other at Dubuque will be

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LOYOLA WRITES

National Catholic Tournament
Loyola University

April 2, 1929.

Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.
Reverend and dear Father,

I wish to congratulate you and your team on the showing they made in the National Catholic Tournament. The award to the team and to Mr. John Cretzmeyer of the trophy for the best coached team was well merited and indicative of the esteem in which your team was held in an athletic way.

The Reception Committee has given me a fine report of the conduct of your boys while at the hotel. During their stay there they conducted themselves at all times in a fashion that was remarkable for its modesty and friendliness.

With the hope that we may again have the privilege of acting as host to your team in the future tournaments, I am

Very sincerely yours,
Harold Hillenbrand,
Executive Secretary.

Gunfire, explosions, crashes, bangs, bricks fly, words fly. A Mexican revolt? Nope, just the Palens (Ed and Joe) attempting to determine who gets the use of the "Studie" today.

DE PAUL TOO

De Paul Academy
1010 Webster Avenue, Chicago
Editor of Cee-Ay,

Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Sir,—While your basketball team was playing in Chicago I had the luck to attend all of the games that your wonderful, scrappy bunch played. You may be sure that all of the De Paul fellows admired the guts of the fellows from St. Joseph's Hall. To us it seemed that the leads piled up against you were overwhelming—and then you came through—you sure did give us an exhibition of how to come back to conquer a heart-breaking lead! We have a bunch of profs. down here that came from St. Joseph's and Loras Halls and they are proud of their school. And then when your team came to Chi. we got the day off to see your team play. After a few minutes of those trick plays and expert zone defense we picked you as winners. St. Stanislaus broke more hearts in Chicago than they did in Dubuque—FOR WE SAW THE GAME! It was not a game for those with weak hearts! Tell the fellows for us that we were certainly proud of them anyway.

Personally I was interested in the bunch because I have visited St. Joseph Hall and Columbia several times. Several times I have eaten
(Continued on uage 4, col. 4)

TEARS AND CHEERS GREET ACADEMY QUINTET

The Academy student body participated, last Monday, in what proved to be the most enthusiastic and yet the most touching assembly ever held in the Auditorium. Cheers and tears intermingled as "Cretz" told the story of the "Gubs'" success in the recent basketball tournament at Chicago; and beyond the shadow of a doubt more hearts were moved and more eyes were dimmed with tears by "Cretz's" talk than by any or all the orations, talks and so forth, that the students have heard in these halls since they have been built.

Father Russell opened the meeting with a talk of welcome and congratulations to the team. This was followed by the Coach's talk. He told the story of the games in a most stirring manner and as he related the incidents of the last game, the writer observed more handkerchiefs than those on the stage, come out from pockets.

As he announced the individual stars one by one they received a tremendous ovation. Speaking of ovations, the ovation which Al Smith got at the Democratic Convention could hardly have been more sincere or heartfelt than the one the conquering "Gubs" received as they marched onto the stage.

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STRATFORD PLAYERS HERE WEDNESDAY

On Wednesday evening, April 10, the Stratford Players will give a complete stage performance of the Shakespearean play "Julius Caesar." This troupe has a country-wide fame for their historic abilities and for their faithful reproduction of their offerings. Several members of the cast were formerly associated with the famous Robert B. Mantell Company and only through the dissolution of this organization was it possible to obtain their services.

Mr. John C. Hickey who takes the role of "Caius Cassius" has had thirty-eight years experience on the legitimate stage and served his apprenticeship with the companies of Frederick Warde, Louis James and Marie Wainwright.

The troupe is just in the midst of a season of performances for colleges. They have had engagements lately at Wisconsin University, Platteville Normal and many others and everywhere their expressive and intelligent portrayal of Shakespeare's immortal plays has endeared them to the hearts of their audiences.

No, Chivalry is not extinct. Hitchcock was seen wandering in a north-westerly direction from school a few days ago, and it was later learned that he spent the whole afternoon mopping up the floor for a certain young lady. Bet Hitchcock smokes Sir Walter Raleigh.

Oh my, what did Soukup do?

New song by us: She was only a liveryman's daughter, but she had an air.

BEST COACHED TEAM



THE LAST OF THE CALIPHS

(Continued from page 2)
that it seemed as if it might detach itself and float away was surrounded by four others of a light delicacy of fabric. The whole was encompassed with six lofty minarets, not the customary two or four. Under the light of the southern moon, they appeared as if frosted spires.

The witchery of its beauty enchanted me. There in the heart of Spain lay a palace whose perfect dimensions excelled every temple of the Orient.

"Deserted," I thought. "Built during the Moorish conquests. Superstition must have kept the Spanish away." As I watched my heart froze within me. A turbaned figure appeared from a shadowed portico, walked slowly across the moon light draped court and vanished within a curious arch of the building itself.

I forced myself to believe it but a hallucination, but deep in my heart I knew the figure to be real. I was drawn irresistibly across the open court. Suddenly the moon was enshrouded in heavy, sinister clouds. The air was oppressive. The trees were silhouetted against the sky. Not a breath of air rustled the grass at my feet.

The reality of everything was intense. All nature seemed in suspense as the storm god gathered his forces. With the first swaying of the oaks the tempest lashed itself into a fury. Suddenly the apex of the great dome was wreathed in light.

In the central court appeared the silent gliding figure. Turning toward the east and Mecca he prostrated himself and called aloud in the language of the Saracens:

"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Beneath me the earth shook and quaked, the might monoliths of the central arch shattered and fell, a forked hand of lightning touched the dome, which broken into a thousand fragments, fell within itself, the filigreed walls collapsed outward, the thunder rolled and reverberated throughout the vault of the heavens, the earth shuddered and a widening fissure crept across the stone paved ground, reached the falling palace, opened—the realms of Pluto swam before my eyes—into the bottomless abyss fell the remnants of the once proud citadel and the earth closed with a sullen road over the "Last of the Caliphs."

HAVE YOU HEARD—

Of Father Craney's watch that lost two (2) seconds, Mrch 20, 1928—March 20, 1929?

Of the Stanislaus success secret: "We're from Mississippi—we drown 'em and flood 'em"?

Of the dramatic search to find the second prize story winner, who turned out to be modest Kermit Eulberg?

Of Joe Palen's latest hobby—doughnut holes?

Of Geigerich's brainstorm when he held a "Chronicle" in the Cee-Ay picture?

Of Father Loosbrock's famous slogan: "We want more amperes!"?

Of anything so half-baked as this questionnaire?

TENNIS

"Bigger and better tennis courts!" That's our slogan. The Academy, you know, has tennis courts, so called, which, in times past, have been of good service, but naughty time has come along and spoiled them. And now a rumor has circulated to the effect that they are going to be fixed. Is it really true? By the way of suggestion, we might say that they would be improved at least a few hundred per cent if they were turned north and south, instead of east and west, as is now the situation. Then too, the wiring might be fixed, to some extent.

Finally, if at all possible, the Academy should have a tennis team, of some sort. We had one last year, with no evil effects in consequence, but there isn't enough importance attached to it to make it successful. If we had a team, quite a few more of the game's advocates would take advantage of our courts.

COLUMBIA ACADEMY'S THOROUGHBREDS WILL SEEK TRACK LAURELS

(Continued from page 3)
compared by telegraph and by this process a victor will be named.

Then sometime between the 11th and the 30th of May, at a date as yet uncertain, the Academy all-stars will show their wares in a CAC meet featuring the friendly rivals, Columbia, Ambrose and Campion, to take place down the river at Davenport. Certainly a fight to the finish.

Finally as the crowning feature of a successful (?) season, and with Loras field as the scene of the onset, our heroes will seek honors and medals at the 2nd Annual Columbia Academy Invitational Track and Field meet on May 30th to which all Catholic high schools of the Mississippi Valley are invited. Last year Ambrose was victorious, but this season Columbia looks forward to not only a splendid attendance, but the palm of victory as well.

Coach Cretzmeyer hopes to uncover among the fourth acs. material that can be groomed for stardom; and to assure a representation of the undergrads, an intramural meet has been planned for those in the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd years on April 27, just prior to the first interscholastic engagement. For those who gain courage and fight enough to destroy all barriers of inferiority complexes and envious razzings, the future represents a rosy aspect.

SIDNEY LANDON LECTURES HERE

Sidney Landon, lecturer on the Redpath Vawter Circuit, presented a number of impersonations in the auditorium on the evening of March 21. His subjects were famous authors, and among the most notably acted of them was Edgar Allan Poe.

His work was well received and appreciated. The most delightful part was the seasoning of his discourse with bits of practical philosophy.

'Nother new song by us: He was only a jeweler, but he had quite a time.

LORAS NOTES

Congratulations, Gubs and Cretz! You've made the world Columbia-conscious.

The only apparent damage caused by the storm on Easter was the disappointment to the proud owners of new whoopee hats. Too bad, fellows, worse luck next time.

Spring football and outdoor track practice are engaging the interest of most of the collitch laddies. Other activities include horseshoe, tennis, and writing love-lyrics.

Exams should be over today if the weather permits. The law of averages points to the success of at least one out of ten students.

Red Larson, the genial Scandinavian, is taking advantage of the balmy weather to sleep 24 hours a day.

TEARS AND CHEERS GREET ACADEMY QUINTET

(Continued from page 3)
The trophy which they most deservingly won was there in all its glory, and the coach was justly proud of it, and well he might be, after working so hard for it.

We are certainly satisfied with the team and proud of it and its coach. The "Cee-Ay" joins with the student body in saying, "Congratulations, Gubs, you showed real spirit and fight and we're proud of you."

To "Cretz," the producer of the best coached team in the tournament, we want to say, "There may be better coaches in this world, but we've never heard of them, and even if we had we wouldn't want them. As long as you stay with us we're satisfied, because when it comes to coaching you're IT."

DRESS PARADE

Fitzpatrick—"Gus"—The Flying Fritz—track man deluxe; simply slays the fair sex; hangs around Cleveland Avenue and pesters Kolck. He's little, but oh my.

Flynn—Joe—Sophisticated, and how; wears a red sweat shirt and enjoys life (sometimes), loves his cigarettes and hangs around Supple. Studies hard—by even'.

Frick—Ed—Physical par excellence; drives a Ford and wonders who she was and will last night. Has been seen with Becker. Just lives on Main Street.

Giegerich—Walt—Sits right behind us so we gotta be careful. Has a great literary taste, and simply devours "Life." Likes mystery stories and the Viz. Writes jokes for the CEE-AY and helps around Museum.

Goodman—Larry—Makes wise-cracks and plays the banjo, aspires to be a fruit peddler or opera singer. A hale fellow well met and all that sore of thing.

Hamsmith—Mer—Football captain and quarterback; studies hard and is a friend to everyone; sees that order is kept in absence of the prefect, and sits in front of "Gus."

ORATORICAL CONTEST

SEE BULLETIN

For

SEMI-FINAL DATES

ACADEMY MUSICIANS SCORE BIG HIT

(Continued from page 1)
sell, welcomed the audience and pressed his heartiest wishes that the Academy would be patronized in the future as it was for the musical concert. The program follows:

- | | | |
|--|-------|----------|
| March | | Benn |
| Orchestra | | |
| "Jesu dulcis Memoria" | | Zell |
| Choir | | |
| Concert Waltz | | Pe |
| Orchestra | | |
| Vocal Solo—"Wonderful Mother of Mine" | | Good |
| Joseph Kleiner | | |
| Southern Memories | | Nor |
| Choir | | |
| Violin Solo—Concert Waltz | | Ser |
| Henry Gonner | | |
| "Massa Dear" | | Dvor |
| Choir | | |
| Serenade | | Benn |
| Orchestra | | |
| Tantum Ergo | | J. Modlm |
| "Our Boys Will Shine Tonight" | | Ma |
| Choir | | |
| Clarinet Solo—Theme and Variation | | Nor |
| Louis Runde | | |
| Descriptive Fantasie, "In a Clock Store" | | O |
| Orchestra | | |
| Soldiers Chorus from Faust | | Gur |
| Choir | | |
| America | | |
| Orchestra and Choir | | |
| Accompanist—Miss Miriam Mos | | |

FOURTH AC DOINGS

All orders for commencement invitations have been paid up and work of engraving them will be shortly. The invitations are to be engraved in "Old English" type and will be adorned with a gold seal. They promise to be very attractive. Next in line will be the caps and gowns. Measurements will be taken within the next few days, and "you forget" payment must be made not later than April 15th, the order will be sent in at that time.

DE PAUL TOO

(Continued from page 3)
with the gang at St. Francis Hall, gone down the hill to church and then to the Vested Choir sing. He roamed through the corridors—filling everywhere that courteous spirit of hospitality that is becoming just famous at Dubuque.

Just now I was looking through "Purgold" and I remembered that one of my visits I had read the "Cee-Ay." I wondered what it was that kept us from exchanging papers. I doubt not that your paper shall show the true excellence, sportsmanship and quality that your team displayed at Chicago. Will you please send copies? We shall be glad to read news from Dubuque. I have sent a copy of our "Prep" in another envelope.

William D. Wilkins,
Editor-in-Chief De Paul Prep